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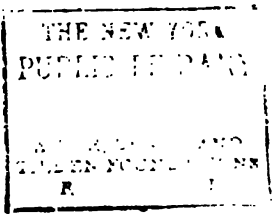
GO TO IT!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"BOOZEY IS SO HAPPY WIF HIS IZZY-WIZZY."

Frontispiece. Page 52.

GO TO IT

By HUGH McHUGH
(George V. Hobart)

AUTHOR OF

"JOHN HENRY," "DOWN THE LINE WITH JOHN HENRY,"
"IT'S UP TO YOU," "BACK TO THE WOODS,"
"OUT FOR THE COIN," "I NEED THE MONEY,"
"I'M FROM MISSOURI," "YOU CAN SEARCH ME,"
"GET NEXT!" "SKIDDOO," "BEAT IT," ETC.

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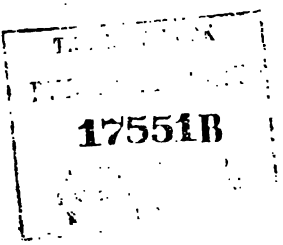

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Go to It

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TO

The Associated Members of the Anvil Chorus in executive session convened at Hammer Hall, Greetings! This is Number Twelve of the Series, and the Little Brothers of the Boost, working against you, have a sale of over 700,000 *books to their credit.*

Go to It!

G. V. H.

GO TO IT!

CHAPTER I

JOHN HENRY ON THE COUNTRY HOTEL.

BUFFALO, N. Y. *Sunday.*

DEAR BUNCH: I'm doing a hot-foot over the State for the Insurance Company I've hooked up with, and I'm having the time of my life—believe me not!

Say! aren't some of these Reub beaneries the woozy limit!

I blew in to the Commercial House at Spoonsbury day before yesterday, and His Nobs, the Hotel Clerk, certainly staked me to a fine bundle of home-made laughs.

Did you ever make Spoonsbury, Bunch?

Oh! it's on the map, all right.

Spoonsbury is a railroad Junction where careless people change cars and wait for the other train.

I fell for this "change cars" gag and went over to the Commercial House to kill time.

I was deep in conversation with Steve Splevin, the hotel clerk, when an Old Guy with Persian rug trimmings on the end of his chin squeezed up and began to let a peep out of him about the pie he had eaten for dinner.

"Calm yourself!" said Smiling Steve, "and tell me where it bit you."

Steve has been throwing keys at the wall for some time, and he knows how to burn the beefers.

"Bit me! bit me!" snarled the Old Guy with the tapestry chin-piece; "nothing of the kind, sir! I want you to know, sir, that your pie isn't fit to eat, sir!"

"Cut it out!" suggested Steve.

"Cut it out, sir! how can I cut it out when I've eaten it, sir? It's an outrage, and I shall leave this hotel to-morrow," said Omar Khayaam.

"With the exception of $31.72, balance due, that will be about all from you," said Steve.

"I'll see the proprietor," said the Old Guy, moving away with a face on him like four dollars in bad money.

"We get it good and plenty every day," said Steve, and just then something about six foot tall, wearing a

slouch-hat and a gilt mustache fell against the counter, grabbed the register and buried a stub pen in its pages.

After looking over the result, I decided the stranger's first name must be Skate, because it looked like one on the register.

"Bath?" queried Steve.

"Only during a hot wave," said Skate.

Steve went to the ropes, but he came up smiling, as usual.

"American or European?" asked Steve.

"Neither," said Skate. "Don't you see I'm from Jersey City."

"Going to be with us long?" inquired Steve.

"Say, Bub! you're hellanall on asking questions, now ain't you?"

answered Skate; "you just push me into a stall and lock the gate—I'm tired."

"Front! show this gentleman to 49!" said Steve, side-stepping to avoid punishment.

Then Sweet William, the Boy Drummer, hopped into the ring for the next round.

Willie peddles pickles for the fun he gets out of it.

It is Willie's joy and delight to get a ginger-ale bun on and recite "'Ostler Joe."

When trained down to 95 flat, Willie can get up and beat the clapper off "Curfew Shall Not Ring Tonight."

When Willie gets a strangle-hold on "Sheridan's Ride" you can hear horses galloping outside.

It's the rest of the community getting out of harm's way.

"Any mail?" inquired Willie.

All the mail that Willie ever gets is a postal card from the pickle-factory every two weeks asking him if the people along his route have all lost their appetites.

"No literature for you," Steve answered.

"Strange," said Willie, "my lady friends are very remiss, aren't they?"

"Yes; it looks like they were out to drop you behind the piano," said Steve.

Willie tore off a short rabbit laugh, and then inquired what time the next train left for New York.

The pickle-factory expects Willie to make Pocomoke City, Squashtown

Junction and Nubbinsville before next Sunday, so he tossed the train gag out just to show Steve that he knows there's a place called New York.

"At 7:45 over the D. L. & Q.," said Steve.

"What's the next?" inquired Willie.

"At 8:10 over the H. B. & N.," Steve answered.

"Which gets there first?" Willie asked.

"The engineer," sighed Steve.

"Oh, you droll chap," said the pickle-pusher; "give me some toothpicks."

Then Sweet William went over to the big window, burrowed into a chair, stuck his feet up on the brass rail, ate toothpicks, and thought he was IT.

When I got back to Steve he was dealing out the cards to a lady from Reading, Pa.

Her husband had been up in the air with a bum automobile, and when he came down he was several sections shy.

They found a monkey-wrench imbedded in his left shoulder which he couldn't remember using when he tried to fix the machine.

She was traveling for his health.

"My room is immediately over the kitchen," she informed Steve.

"The cook hasn't made a kick up to now," Steve went back at her.

"But they've been frying onions ever since we took the room yesterday afternoon," she snapped.

"Yes, madam," chortled Smiling Steve, "this is a local option town,

and the onion is the only pickle that's allowed to appear in public."

She started a get-back, but her indignation choked her so she gave Steve the Society sting with both eyes and flounced out.

Steve bit the end off a pen-holder and said the rest internally.

Just then a couple of troupers trailed in.

They were with the "Bandit's Bride Co.," and the way had been long and weary.

"What have you got—double?" asked the villain of the piece.

"Two dollars and up!" said Steve.

"Nothing better?" inquired Low Comedy—he was making a crack, but nobody caught him.

"Four dollars, with bath," Steve suggested.

"Board?" asked the villain.

"Nothing but the sleeps and a fresh cake of soap," said Steve.

"Ring down!" Low Comedy put in. "Why, we lived a whole week in Pittsburg for less than that."

"You can turn the same trick here if you carry your own coke and sleep in the Park," said Steve.

"What's the name of this mint?" asked the villain.

Steve told him.

"To the tow-path!" said Barrett Macready; "we're outside the life-lines. We thought it was the Liver-wurst Hotel, where they throw things at your appetite for $1 a day, double. To the left, wheel! Forward, march!"

I followed those two troupers out to the dinky barroom, because the moment I saw them I knew it was a cinch they'd pull some wheezes that would hand me a couple of guffs.

"The woods for ours! isn't this a bird of a place for a show to get stranded?" groaned the Low Comic, as he gave the Reub bartender the high sign, and the latter pushed forward two glasses and a black bottle.

"It wouldn't have been so bad if the show had gone to pieces in some burg where the people have insomnia in the daytime," the Juvenile growled. "But here, Mike, the men go to work in their pajamas, and the town hasn't any street-cars because the conductor's bell sounds too much like an alarm-clock, and it might wake the Mayor."

"I tell you, Mike," the Juvenile went on, "I'm too delicate for this one-night stand gag. I'm going to New York and build a theater."

"What with?" sneered Low Comedy.

"With a reporter I know on one of the papers," the Juvenile chuckled. "Say, what was the name of that town we played night before last?"

"Murphy's Landing, wasn't it?" Mike answered.

"I guess that's right, because Murphy landed on me good and hard," the Juvenile said. "Remember those nice white door-knobs we ate for breakfast next morning? The waitress said they were hot biscuits, but I had to eat mine with a nut-cracker. I've got it in my pantry yet, and every time I walk around the

knob turns, and I can hear a door open somewhere."

Mike's double chin showed signs of agitation.

"Stranded, here in this jay town!" The Juvenile grabbed the black bottle and upset it again. "Say, Mike, what we need is a guardian. And while we're at it let's pick out one with money so we can wire him for a little price to help us out on occasions like this. The next manager that wins me away from the stockyards will have to wear a gold-plated overcoat, and stand in the wings every night where he can throw ten-dollar bills at me when I make my exit. No more slob impressarios for mine, with nothing in their inside pockets but a date-book and a hearty appetite."

"Same here!" Low Comedy nodded. "The next manager that picks me out will have to drag me down to his bank and let me pick his coupons off the shelf before I'll sign."

"Bumped, good and hard, here in the tall grass," the Juvenile complained again, "and not a cookie in the lunch-basket. Say! it has me winging, all right, and that's no idle hoot! This is the third troupe that blew out its mainspring for us this season, and I'm beginning to believe we ought to get vaccinated. How am I going to do Hamlet in New York this winter, I'd like to know? Eight weeks since we left Chicago, three shows to the bad, and still a thousand miles from the Great White Way. Say, Mike, at this rate it'll take

about 629 shows to get us to Jersey City; are you hip?"

Mike laughed. "It's the old story, my boy; we're a sad bunch of plow-boys on this old farm of a world when we haven't a little mazuma in the vest pocket. I've got a new bit of a recitation spiel I cooked up last night when I couldn't sleep. It's called "Knock and the World Knocks With You," and I'll put you jerry to it right now before it gets cold!"

"Well, I'm from Texas, so you'll have to steer me," said the Juvenile.

"Pipe the everlasting truth contained herein," said Mike, whereupon he proceeded as follows:

Knock, and the world knocks with you,
Boost and you boost alone!
When you roast good and loud
You will find that the crowd
Has a hammer as big as your own!

Buy, and the gang is with you;
Renig, and the game's all off,
For the lad with the thirst
Will see you first
If you don't proceed to cough!

Be rich and the push will praise you,
Be poor and they'll pass the ice,
You're a warm young guy
When you start to buy—
You're a slob when you lose the price!

Be flush and your friends are many,
Go broke and they'll say Ta, ta!
While your bank account burns
You will get returns,
When it's out you will get the Ha!

Be gay and the mob will cheer you,
They'll shout while your wealth endures;

Show a tearful lamp
And you'll see them tramp—
  And it's back to the woods for yours!

There's always a bunch to boost you
  While at your money they glance;
But you'll find them all gone
On that cold gray dawn
  When the fringe arrives on your pants!

"You've got the game of life sized to a show-down," was the Juvenile's comment.

At this point Jabe, the Reub bartender, pointed a freckled finger at Mike and butted in with: "Say, you be the fat cuss that cut up with that thar troupe at the Op'ry House last night, been't ye?"

"No, I'm the skeleton man with a circus," Mike answered, and the bartender roared with delight.

"You don't look as how you took much exercise," snickered Jabe.

"But I do take exercise—oh, me for that exercise thing, good and strong!" protested Mike.

"What kind of exercise do you take?" Jabe inquired.

"Well," Mike answered, "every morning I swing the clubs for fifteen minutes, then the dumb-bells for ten minutes, then I run about three miles —and then I get up and eat my breakfast."

Jabe guffawed loudly over this bit of facetiousness.

"I was at the Op'ry House last night," Jabe informed them, "and I 'most laughed myself sick to the

"NO, I'M THE SKELETON MAN WITH A CIRCUS."

Page 26.

stomach at this yer fat cuss takin' off that Dutch policeman—ha, ha, ha, ha!" Jabe looked at the Juvenile. "You was putty good, too," he admitted, "takin' off that newspaper reporter and rescuin' the girl from the burnin' structyure, but you didn't do no funny fall and bust your gallusses like this yer fat cuss—ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Get him to unhook the laugh; he's a good steady listener," whispered the Juvenile, and Mike started in.

"Fine town, this," Mike began. "All the modern improvements, eh? Cows wear nickle-plated bells, streets paved with grass, and the river has running water."

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!" Jabe roared.

"Reminds me of a place we struck

out in Missouri last winter," Mike went on. "Same style of public architecture, especially the town pump. But the hotel there was the hit with us. It was called the Declaration of Independence, because the proprietor had married an English woman, and wanted to be revenged. At supper time I ordered a steak, and they brought me a leather hinge covered with gravy, so I got up to add an amendment to the Declaration of Independence. The head waiter was an ex-pugilist, so he put the boots to me, and covered my amendment with bruises. Then he made me eat the leather hinge, and for two weeks I felt like a garden gate and I used to slam every time the wind blew."

Jabe's laugh shook the building.

"The proprietor of that hotel was

so patriotic," Mike continued, "that he wouldn't number the rooms like any ordinary hotel. Every room was named in honor of a President of the United States. That evening there happened to be a rush while I was standing near the desk, and I heard the clerk say: 'Front, show these gentlemen up to John Quincy Adams, and tell the porter to take that trunk out of the alcove in Thomas Jefferson. Front, go and put down that window in Rutherford B. Hayes, and, here, take this whisky up to Abraham Lincoln. Front, what's all that racket in James Buchanan? Here, take these cigars to U. S. Grant, and turn off the gas in Grover Cleveland.' But I nearly fainted when he said: 'Front, run a sofa into James A. Garfield, and

take these two ladies up to Geo
Washington.' "

"Mortal Cæsar! Ha, ha, ha, ha
roared Jabe. "Daggone, if that a
funny, you fat cuss!"

When I quit them Mike had w
finger-marks on the side of the bl
bottle, and Jabe had signed a ver
contract to go on the stage as
Juvenile's dresser.

I'm for the Reub Hotel, strong.

Yours as always,

J. H

CHAPTER II

JOHN HENRY ON BUTTERMILK.

ROCHESTER. *Monday.*

DEAR BUNCH: I'm not yet hep to this gag of hiking across the geography from town to town, like a hoptoad in a cabbage-patch.

It may be interesting to some people, but it gets me peeved.

I found your letter waiting for me here.

So they've steered you up against a new cure for your dyspepsia, eh?—buttermilk!

And a great idea, Bunch, believe me!

It certainly is lucky to drink buttermilk.

Buttermilk is to the worn-out system the same as a fat office is to a stout politician.

As a thirst-splasher buttermilk is the one best bet, but don't ever tell any one in Milwaukee that I made such a statement.

Drink it, Bunch, every time you can, because buttermilk comes down to us from the remotest ages with splendid recommendations.

Every great man in history was a buttermilk-drinker, Bunch.

Every great man who is now spending his time trying to get into history is a buttermilk-drinker, Bunch.

Read between the lines in your history of ancient Rome, and you will

see how buttermilk would have saved the life of Julius Cæsar if he hadn't had such a weakness for hard cider.

"Where are you going?" inquired Calathumpia, the wife of Julius Cæsar, as he fastened the gold safety pin in his toga and reached for his umbrella.

"I am going down to Rudolph March's café in the Forum," answered Julius; "you don't need to wait lunch for me, Callie."

"But, Julius," whispered Calathumpia; "why do you spend so much time at March's café in the Forum? It isn't a good place for you to go, my dear. Besides, there is always a bunch of loafers hanging around that joint. Why don't you sit here at home with me in the cool Stadium

and drink buttermilk with your loving Calathumpia?"

"Buttermilk!" sneered Julius; "such a drink is only for mollycoddles and pink fingers. It doesn't make rich blood in the veins like the hard cider I get at March's. Avaunt and raus mittim!"

"But please don't go to that café this morning," Calathumpia kept on pleading. "Stay at home just this once and spread some of this delicious buttermilk over your thirst."

"No buttermilk this day for me," answered Julius. "I seek a vintage more expensive, and which tickles more as it goes down."

"The tides of March," whispered his wife; "remember the tides of March!"

"Would this be the first tide I

ever got from March?" Julius whispered back.

"The tides of March, remember," was her only answer; and away went Julius to the café in the Forum, giving an imitation of Joe Weber whistling "Girls! Girls!" from the Burlesque of "The Merry Widow," which was then running at the Amphitheatre.

What happened in the Forum when the loafers used Julius Cæsar for a pin-cushion everybody remembers.

And when Julius dropped on the marble slab at the base of the bar he gasped out: "Darn the luck! why didn't I fall for the buttermilk which stingeth not, neither does it help people to bite the dust?"

You won't find these exact words in history, Bunch, because Julius

gasped them in Latin, and Latin hates to get itself translated.

Many other times in the ages passed did buttermilk come to the surface, so you may take it from me, Bunch, that it is lucky to drink it.

Yes, Bunch, and I'll give you my solemn word that buttermilk will remove freckles.

Catch the freckle just before going to bed and wrap the buttermilk around it.

Yours for health,

J. H.

CHAPTER III

JOHN HENRY ON REINCARNATION.

ELMIRA. *Tuesday.*

DEAR BUNCH: Very dull to-day; haven't met a soul I knew except the proprietor of the hotel here, who wanted to buy me six buckets of Ruinart laughing-water—and I'm glued to the wagon.

Hard luck, eh!

I was reading a book on the train which attempted to put me wise to the reincarnation gag.

Reincarnation is a long, loose-looking word, and to a perfect stranger it might sound suspicious, but its bark is worse than its bite.

The idea of a man being somebody else in a previous existence, and then switching to another personality in the present, is interesting to think about, to say the least.

I've cooked up three or four studies along these lines which may interest you, Bunch!

Go to it, my boy!

First Study.

David kept his boot-heel on the neck of the fallen Goliath and laughed pleasantly.

"Are you all in?" David inquired, after a pause.

"I refuse to speak until you take your spurs out of my face," replied the giant.

David at once showed his obliging nature.

"We shall meet again," Goliath replied hoarsely.

"Not if I see you first!" said David.

"I will take good care that you don't," chuckled the expiring giant.

"How?" was David's interrogation.

"It will be in the far, far future," said the giant. "You will then be one of the Common People walking in the streets."

"And you?" David asked.

"I will be a chauffeur on a smoke-wagon, and what I will do to you will be a pitiful shame," responded the giant.

Then with a bitter laugh of triumph Goliath turned over and pushed his mortal coil off the shuffleboard.

Second Study.

The ghost of Julius Cæsar looked threateningly at Brutus, the Stabbist.

Brutus sneered.

"You," he said; "to the mines!"

Not one of Cæsar's muscles quivered.

Brutus used a short, sharp laugh.

"You," he said, "on your way!"

Cæsar never batted an eyelash.

Brutus pointed to the rear.

"Go away back," he said, "and use your laziness!"

Cæsar pulled his toga up over his cold shoulder.

Brutus laughed again, and it was the saucy, triumphant laugh of the man who dodges in front of a woman and grabs a seat on the elevated railroad.

"The next time we meet you will not do me as you did me at the base of Pompey's statue," said the ghost of Cæsar, speaking for the first time since we began this study.

"We will not meet again because I refuse to associate with you," said Brutus.

Cæsar smiled, but it was without mirth, and as cold as the notice of suspension on the door of a bank.

"Yes, we will meet again," said Cæsar.

"Where?" asked Brutus.

"In the far, far future," said the ghost of Cæsar shriekingly, "you will be born into the world again by that time, and in your new personality you will be one of the Common People, and you will burn gas."

"And you?" inquired Brutus.

"I will be the spirit which puts the ginger in the gas-meter, and may Heaven have mercy on your pocket-book," shrieked the ghost of Cæsar.

Brutus took a fit, and used it for many minutes, but the ghost kept on shrieking in the Latin tongue.

Third Study.

Napoleon stood weeping and wailing and gnashing his eyebrows on the battle-field of Waterloo.

He was waiting for the moving-picture man to get his photograph.

The victorious Wellington made his appearance, laughing loudly in his sleeve.

"Back, Nap! back to the Boulevard des Dago!" commanded Wellington.

Napoleon put his chin on his wishbone and spoke no word.

"YOU MUST LEAVE THE BATTLEFIELD—IT IS TIME TO CLOSE UP FOR THE NIGHT."

Page 43.

"You," said Wellington; "you to the Champs Eliza! This is my victory, and you must leave the battlefield—it is time to close up for the night."

"We will meet again, milord," answered Napoleon. "*Avec beau temps isi bong swat!*"

"What does that mean?" asked Wellington.

"It means that the next time we meet I will do the swatting," answered Napoleon bitterly.

"And when will that be?" inquired Wellington, laughing loudly.

"In the far, far future," replied the Little Corporal. "You will then be one of the Common People."

"And what will you be?" Wellington asked.

"You will live in Brooklyn," Napoleon went on, like a man in a dream; "and I will be the spirit of progress, which will meet you at the Brooklyn Bridge at eventide, and kick you in the slats until your appetite is unfit for publication. *Bon soir mes enfants du spitzbuben!*"

Then the Little Corporal called a cab, and left Wellington alone on the battle-field.

Don't mind me, Bunch; there's no more harm in me than there is in a rattlesnake.

Yours as indicated,

J. H.

CHAPTER IV

JOHN HENRY ON THE DRUMMERS HE MET.

UTICA. *Wednesday.*

DEAR BUNCH: I'm headed for home, but the hurdles are holding me back.

I met a whole flock of "the boys" in Rochester yesterday morning, and since most of 'em were making a flying leap for New York, you can believe me it was a swift squad of sports that climbed into one of Mr. Pullman's sleep-wagons and permitted themselves to be yanked over the rails.

A bunch of brisk ones—believe me!

There was Charlie Hammond, leading man with the "Kitty, the Kash Girl" Company; David Torrence, first heavy with the melodrama entitled "The Haunted Automobile; or, Who Stole the Muffler?" Frank Westerton, first low sad with the "Crazy-Quilt Burlesquers"; Emmett Corrigan, who is lecturing through the Provinces on "How To Play Bridge Without Impairing The Tonsils"; Malcolm Williams, the handsomest leading man in the show-business—when completely shaved; William Burress, the Bath-robe King; Charlie Abbott, who sells that fine Monticello honey-dew, and Arthur Shaw.

Shaw travels for a clothing house in Cincinnati, and they call him Slim because he's getting so fat that every

time he turns around he meets himself coming back.

He's all to the good—that boy is!

And such a cut-up!

Slim knows more "look-out!—there's-a-lady-over-there!" stories than any other drummer in the business.

Then there was Nick Dalrymple and Tod Gilpin—two live ones with a full set of sparks flying.

Nick goes after the orders for a hardware house in Columbus, and he knows everybody in the world—bar one family living in Yonkers.

Nick has only one trouble, he *will* paddle after the ponies.

Whenever he makes a town where there's a poolroom his expense-account gets fat and beefy, and Nick

begins to worry for fear he may win something.

He won $12 in Cleveland once, and he spent $218 at a boozeologist's that night getting statistics on how it happened.

Tod Gilpin cuts ice for a match-factory in Newark, and he's the life of a small party.

Tod's main hold is to creep into the "reading-room" of a Rube hotel after the chores are done of an evening and throw salve at the come-ons.

Tod tells them that their town is the brightest spot on the map, and they warm up to him and want to buy him sarsaparilla and root beer.

Then when he gets them stuck on themselves he sells them matches.

"Pipe the gang to quarters and all

rubber!" said Slim, about half an hour after the train pulled.

In the seat ahead of us a somewhat demure-looking Proposition in rainbow rags had been sampling the scenery ever since we started.

We had all given her the glad glance, but she was very much Cold Storage, so we passed it up.

As Slim spoke, the Proposition was joined by a young chap with a loose face, who had been out in the smoking-room working faithfully on one of those pajama panatella cigars that bite you on the finger if you show the least sign of fear.

Just then the train stopped for a few minutes, and we were put wise to the fact that it was an incurable case of bride and groom.

"Oh! Boozey is back to his Birdie!" said the brand-new wife. "Did Boozey like his smoky woky?"

Boozey opened a bunch of grins and sat down, while wifey patted his cheek and cooed:

"Is ums glad to get back to ums 'ittle wifey-pifey?"

Dave Torrence and Charlie Hammond began to scream inwardly, and Slim was chuckling like a pet porpoise.

"Sweetie mustn't be angry with Petie, but Sweetie is sitting on Petie's 'ittle hand!" said the bride, whereupon Malcolm Williams exploded, and Slim began to grab for his breath.

A Dutch brewer and his wife sat right ahead of Boozey and Birdie, and every once in a while the old hop-puncher would turn around and beam

benignly over the gold rims at the bride.

"Boozey must snuggy-wuggy up closer to his Coozie and skeeze her 'itty arm—no, no, not her waist! you naughty! naughty!"

The brewer was back at the bride with another gold-rimmed goo-goo, when his wife got nervous and cut in:

"Is id you turn your face to see someding—yes?" she snapped, and the foam-builder ducked to the window and began to eat scenery.

Westerton was almost out; Burress was under the seat sparring for wind; Slim was giving an imitation of a coal-barge in a heavy sea, and the rest of the passengers were in various stages from hiccoughs to convulsions.

"Is Boozey comfy wif his 'itty weeny teeny Birdie?" chirped the Bride.

"Boozey is so happy wif his izzy-wizzy!" gurgled the husband; "how's my 'ittle girley wirly?"

"Oh! she's such a happy-wappy 'ittle fing!" giggled the dotty dame, pinching her piggie's ear, whereupon the brewer tried to hand the bride another gasoline gaze, but the old lady caught him with the goods.

"Is id to my face you go behind my back to make googley-googley eyes ad somevun — yes?" she growled, and in a minute the brewer's brow was busy with the window pane.

"Sweetie looks at Petie and Sweetie sees that Petie's p'etty face is getting sunburned, so it is!" cuckooed

Mrs. Daffy; "and Sweetie has a dood mind to tiss him, too!"

They opened a newspaper, crawled under cover, and began to bite each other on the chin.

"Go as far as you like!" said Slim, then he went down and out.

The man who helped to make Weehawken famous had his head out the window watching for an ice-wagon, and Mrs. Brewer was industriously muttering "Du bist ein Narr! Du bist ein Narr!"

Just then the train pulled out and saved our lives.

Dave, Frank, Bill, Slim, Charlie, Malcolm, and I rushed feverishly up to the other end of the car to cool off, and there we landed on the outskirts of a bunch of drummers, who were

fanning each other with fairy-tales about the goods they sold.

I'll back three of the lads in that collection to dream longer than any other drummers on the track.

It's a pipe that they can sell bills to each other all day and never wake up.

A guy named Mutt Dawson was holding forth.

He's a most reckless spendthrift with his words, and the meanest man to the English language I ever listened to.

Mutt was telling them about hypnotizing a John Wanamaker merchant prince in Pikesville, Indiana, to the extent of $200 for open-work socks, farmer's size, and then a chap named Jack Dean sent his balloon up by telling us how he sold the Siegel-

Coopers, of Bugsport, Iowa, $300 worth of Panama hats for horses.

The Hot Air Association was in full session when Buck Jones caromed over from the other end of the car and weighed-in with us.

Buck is a sweller.

He thinks he strikes twelve on all occasions, but his clock is all to the pazaz.

Buck isn't a drummer—nay! nay! take back your gold!

He'll look you straight in the eye and tell you he's a *traveling salesman* —nix on the drummer!

I think Buck sells canned shirt-waists for the Shine Brothers.

Buck's wife and a three-year-old were traveling with him, but he wasn't giving it out through a megaphone.

Buck is one of those goose-headed guys who begin to scratch gravel and start in to make a killing every time they see a pretty girl.

Across the aisle seat sat two pet canaries from Plainfield, New Jersey.

They were members of the Soubrette Stinging Society, and they were en route to the West to join the "Bunch of Birds Burlesque Company."

Their names were Millie and Tillie, and they wore Merry Widow hats, and did a sister act that contained more bad grammar than an East Side pinochle game.

Millie was fully aware that she could back Duse off the map, and Tillie was ready to bet a week's salary that she could make Bernhardt

feel like she was out in the storm we had day before yesterday.

Slim called them the Roast-Beef Sisters, Rare and Well-done.

In a minute the castors on Buck's neck began to turn.

Slim put us wise with a wink, so we lit the fire and began to cook it up.

Buck's heart was warming for the birds in the gilded cage.

"The real Kibo!" said Slim; "it's a plain case of Appomattox; the war is over and they are yours, Buck!"

Buck turned a few more volts into his twinkling lamps.

"Lower your mainsail, Buck, and drop alongside; you've made the landing," suggested Burress.

Buck began to feel his necktie and

play patty-cake with the little bald spot on the top of his head.

"Stop the hansom and get out; you're at your corner," said Dave.

The Sweet Dreams across the way were giving Buck the glorious eye-roll, and he felt that dinner was ready.

"Hang up your hat, Buck, and gather the myrtle with Mary!" I chipped in.

Then Buck bounced over and began to show Millie and Tillie what a handsome brute he was at close quarters.

He sat on the arm of the seat and steamed up.

In less than a minute he crowded the information on them that he was a millionaire, who had escaped from Los Angeles, California, and he was

just going to put them both in grand opera, when his three-year-old toddled down the aisle and grabbed him by the coat-tail:

"Papa! Mama wants 'oo to det my bottle of milk!"

"Stung!" shrieked Slim.

"Back to the nursery!" howled Malcolm, and then as Buck crawled away to home and mother we let out a yell that caused the conductor to think the train had struck a Wild West show.

During the rest of the trip Buck was nailed to his seat.

Every time he tried to use the elastic in his neck, the wife would burn him with a hard, cold glitter.

The Roast-Beef Sisters seemed to be all carved up about something or other.

The drummers went back to the shop, and were selling things again when Sledgeheimer fluttered down among us.

Maybe you've never met Jakey Sledgeheimer!

He travels for a firm in Brooklyn that makes imitation grape-fruit and rubber finan haddie.

Jakey is the laziest loosener that ever tied a string around a roll.

The boys call him putty because he's the next thing to a pane.

He's such a stingy loosener that he looks at you with one eye so's not to waste the other.

If you ask Sledgeheimer what time it is he takes off four minutes as his commission for telling you.

"Slim," said Sledgeheimer to Arthur Shaw, "do you smoke?"

It was a knock-out

In the annals of the road no one could look back to the proud day when Sledgeheimer had coughed.

Once, so the legend runs, he gave a porter a nickel, but it was afterward discovered that Sledgeheimer was asleep, and not responsible at the time, so the porter gave it back.

Sledgeheimer tried to collect three cents interest for the time the porter kept the nickel, and the conductor had to punch his mileage and his nose before he'd let go.

And now Sledgeheimer had asked Slim if he smoked.

Slim was pale but game.

"Sometimes!" he answered.

"Do you like a goot seegar?" queried Sledgeheimer.

We looked for the engine to hit a cow any minute now.

"Sure!" said Slim, weak all over.

"Vell," said Sledgeheimer, "here is my brudder-in-law's card. He makes dot Grass Vidow seegar on Sigsth Afenue. Gif him a call und mention my name. He vill be glat to see you, yet."

Then Sledgeheimer went away back and sat down.

The laugh was on Slim, so he dared us all into the café, and after he got busy with the button we all voted in favor of a Monticello highball.

After we had dampened our thirsts, Bill Burress showed us how Hammerstein would Americanize "Bingen on the Rhine." Bill called it "Der Empire," in honor of the Empire State Express, Frank West-

erton said. (English joke—rotten!) This is how Bill spieled it:

An Empire of der Big League lay dying, full mit fears; dare vas lack of players' nursing; aber nit of players' tears, but a cop policeman vatched him vile his life's bleed ebbed avay, und bent mit pidying glances to hear vot did he say. Der dying Empire filtered as he took dot copper's hant, und he set: "I nefer more vill see my own, my native lant; took a message und a token to some distant friends of mine, for I vas born at Dopeville—at Dopeville down der Line!"

"Tell my dear, short-sighted brothers ven dey meet und crowd arount to hear my mournful story, dot I brafely held my grount; dot I foozled

my decisions und I googooed at der mob, all howling for my heart's blood (ours is a fearful chob); full many a kicker, ghastly vite, hard on der bench I sat until some players sneaked behind und soaked me mit a bat; den I qvite svift und suttenly vent into a decline, no more vill I see Dopeville—dear Dopeville down der Line!

"Tell Pulliam his udder sons must comfort his olt age!—ach, how I luffed to put dis head of mine mitin a cage! For my father vas an Empire bold, und efen as a child my heart chumped forth to hear him tolt of struggles fierce und vild, und ven he died und left us all ve hat to took our choice I let dem haf yust vot dey vished but kept my father's

woice, und mit boyish yells I practised on der leedle olt cat nine on Sleepy Street in Dopeville—dear Dopeville down der Line!

"Tell my brothers in der pitzness not to stood und holt deir breath und vatch dem awful players celebrationing my death, but to look upon dem proutly, mit a colt und codfish eye, und fine dem to der limit—as I dit in days gone by; und if der players fuss demselfs, und mit deir vords eggsclaim, yust listen at dem brieflessly und chase dem from der game —for der Empire's rank decisionings must be backed as I backed mine for der honor of olt Dopeville—sveet Dopeville down der Line!"

His woice chumped to a visper; his grasp vas childish veak; his eyes put on a played-out look, his speaker ceased to speak; der copper bent to lift him, but, chee viz! it vas too late! Der Empire of der Big League vas ouïd—ouid at der plate! Three strikes, py Chimineddy! und he hat no chance to call like he used to dit so often: "Say! dot last vun vas a ball!" Vell, he's gone, I eggs-pectation, vare der voodbine does der tvine, but dare's plendy more at Dopeville—dear Dopeville down der Line!

By this time we had reached Utica, and I had to quit them.

Yours, as usual,

J. H.

CHAPTER V

JOHN HENRY ON SANSCRIT STORIES.

ITHACA. *Thursday.*

DEAR BUD: I'm going to pull something on you in this letter that will make you get up and leave the room.

Just to kill time, I've been dabbling in literature.

(P. S.—Time died a violent death, all right, all right.)

I want you to read these Little Stories From The Sanscrit, and scold me when we meet.

Once more, go to it, Bunch!

The Finish of Billdad.

And it came to pass that Billdad the son of Jimdad was worried within himself, and he communed with himself, saying: "Behold! I must join the Brethren of the Long Thirst in secret session this night, but what good thing shall I say unto my wife when she chides me with having no great purpose in going forth?"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad glanced disconsolately at his favorite newspaper, and his heart was like lead within him.

And even as he read a smile broke forth from the gloom that overshadowed his face, and this smile was like unto the first faint flush of the wakening East, and he arose with gurglesome glee as does one whose mind is relieved of a mighty burden.

And he communed with himself softly, saying: "Politics! 'Tis a pipe!"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad called his wife to his side, and he spake unto her, saying: "Maud, the soft whiteness of thy cheek is fairer than the bloom that loves to linger on the lilies of the Nile! Thine eyes are twin thieves, which by some sorcery have ta'en the light from yon poor, weeping star, and now that light must lurk forever in those languorously limpid depths! Thy smile, O Maud, is like the scintillating sweetness of a Summer's sky!"

And Maud, the wife of Billdad the son of Jimdad, made answer, and said: "What talk have ye, Billdad? Quit your joshing, or I'll baste you with the broom. Got to go out again

to-night, I suppose? What is it this time? The Inner Circle of the Royal Sons of a Krupp Gun? Or is it the Ancient Order of the Accidental Dollar Bill?"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad answered, and said: "Nay, sweet wife of my weary heart, 'tis none of these. 'Tis politics that beckons me forth into the noisome night. Knowst thou not that the two Great Parties will soon have to grapple in the final death-struggle, and my uncertain vote still wavers in the winds of indecision! Therefore, this night, O wife of my weary heart, I go forth to join a garrulous group of statisticians, astrologists, soothsayers, and seers to the end that my eyes may clearly see the light and my vote may count upon the side of Right. Be thou of

good cheer, beloved, for I shall sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt and imbibe much wisdom. Wherefore, thou need'st not wait up for me, for politics is like unto an owl-train for lateness, and the soothsayers say not neither do they sooth until the world is in the dead waste of night!"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad went forth to sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt. And it came to pass that full soon his heaving bosom rested on the onyx trimmings of the bar, and his right foot was in tender touch with the brass rail at the base thereof.

And a great joy shone forth from his eyes as he murmured: "Six beers—what are you going to have?"

And when the night was far spent, Billdad the son of Jimdad drew zig-

zaggingly nigh unto his habitation, and his knees were prone to wobble with much uncertainty of purpose.

And Maud, the wife of Billdad the son of Jimdad, stood in the open door, and she made scornful conjecture, saying: "Ha! ha! Thou did'st sit at the feet of the wise men of Egypt, eh? Thou look'st the part, for, methinks, the wise men of Eygpt used you for a door-mat. Thou did'st also imbibe wisdom—from a stein! Bah, Billdad! Speak not to me of politics! Come, now, stand before me, Billdad, and with straightforward voice say after me these words: 'I simply stood and heard those speakers shout!'"

And Billdad the son of Jimdad swayed gently to and fro in the light of the breaking morn, and he spake,

saying: "I shimly sh'ood an' h'er' zoash sheekers spout!"

And of the fretful finish of Billdad the son of Jimdad let there be no cruel chronicle made.

The Man of Genius.

And it came to pass that a certain man of Genius came out of the wilderness playing upon the timbrel and the lute, and by his side were his wife and seven small children.

And the Man of Genius played upon the timbrel and the lute with much beauty, for his soul was syncopated and his heart was the home of every classical cadenza.

And it came to pass that this Man of Genius wandered over the face of the earth, and his wife and seven small children followed after, but the

public passed him the ice-pitcher, and worry was his portion.

And his head was even as a door-knob for smoothness, and in all outward respects he was a full brother to Shine and to Polish and to Glisten, the Bixbyites.

And it came to pass that as the Man of Genius traveled afoot by rail to a far place, he was met by a Stranger clad in gay raiment, and the Stranger spake, saying: "Up against it, eh!"

And the Man of Genius made answer, and said: "To the limit! behold I hire the town hall, and play upon the timbrel and the lute with exceeding delicacy, but I can't make carfare. Wherefore I am prone to believe that Fate has given me the double-cross!"

And the Stranger looked at the Wife and the seven small children of the Man of Genius, and laughed him the horse-laugh, thus—Ha, ha!

And the Stranger glanced pityingly at the bald pate of the Man of Genius, and spake, saying: "I am a Prevaricator for Press Purposes, and I'll put you next!"

And the Man of Genius made answer, and said: "Cut loose, I prithee; cut loose!"

And the Stranger smiled as smiles a glad morning in May, and he spake freely to this end: "Wherefore, O Man of Genius, success is a coy creature, and in these modern days comes forth only at my hypnotic command. Heed thou my instructions: Go thou home and lock up thy wife and seven small children in the cellar, for the

Man of Genius who playeth upon the timbrel and the lute must be in a state of single blessedness, or the giddy girls will give his cadenzas the clammy cachination, and refuse to wor ship at his shrine. Therefore, O Man of Genius, put thy wife and seven little children away in a safety-deposit vault until thou hast accumulated shekels of gold and of silver!"

And the Man of Genius made answer, and said: "Sure, Mike!"

And the Stranger, clad in fine raiment, pulled forth from the depths of his inside pocket a vial. And on the vial was writ these words: "Seven Sunderland Sisters' Hirsute Hurrier."

And the Stranger spake unto the Man of Genius, saying: "Soak your bald spots with this and Paderewske-

'HE STRANGER PULLED FORTH FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS INSIDE POCKET A VIAL.

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rize yourself unto the extreme limit, for hair captureth more hearts than harmony."

And the Man of Genius made answer, and said: "Betcherlife!"

And the Stranger spake further, saying: "When thy hair is grown to such lengths that the street-cars fly the track in dismay, we will go forth into the world. And I shall call the people of the press around me, and I shall speak to them in these words: 'Behold! I am the discoverer of Genius! In the wild woods of his native haunts I captured him with a net and dragged him hither to astonish the world. His is the form and face to make Adonis look like ten, twenty, and thirty cents. His hair is a mountain of silk for loveliness, and his eyes are as the depths of the night for

dreaminess. The long road hither is lined by a multitude of women who have begged the sweet privilege of being trampled beneath the dainty feet of this Man of Genius: ten thousand lovely girls are even now crowded about the portals of his hotel sighing and supplicating one smile from him who is their idol. He playeth upon the timbrel and the lute, and the world is dumb with joy, therefore, oh, people of the-press, whoop 'er up! whoop 'er up!' And the people of the press will write column after column about you, and we shall have money for bonfire purposes!"

And the Man of Genius made answer, and said: "Gee whiz! go to it! go to it!"

And it came to pass that the Prevaricator for Press Purposes and the

Man of Genius went forth together, and the world sat at their feet in silent adoration. And the wife and seven small children of the Man of Genius sat sorrowfully within the safety-deposit vaults and wotted not that a million moaning maidens gazed soulfully at Papa.

Pebbleonthebeach.

And it came to pass that a certain City Man looked upon the sun when it was red, and he communed with himself, saying: "Behold! the summer approacheth on rubber shoes, and the mercury will soon be up against the roof of its habitation; therefore, it behooveth me to journey quickly unto the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, lest, peradventure, a great humidity shall rise up over the city and transform me into a state of meltedness."

And the City Man spake unto his wife and his wife's nearest kinswoman; and unto all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, saying: "Behold, the bow-wow days will soon be upon us; therefore let us pull down the blinds, place our worldly possessions in the frapped depths of the safety-vault, and hie us to that balmy peacefulness which the gentle-voiced advertisements say abounds with a joyous plentitude in the Land of Pebbleonthebeach forever and ever."

And the wife of the City Man and her nearest kinswoman and all the dimunitive members of his own individual tribe made swift answer, and spake, saying: "Let's!"

And it came to pass that they journeyed unto the Land of Pebbleonthe-

beach, and their hearts were glad within them, for the scene was fair to look upon, and the ocean was full of cold water.

And lo! even as they looked a hot wave arrived on a fast train from the City and enveloped all the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, and humidity also arrived in perspiratious quantities, and made the Land of Pebbleonthebeach to look and feel like the innermost recesses of a Japanese war-ship during a battle in the newspapers.

And the City Man and the City Man's wife and his wife's nearest kinswoman, and all the diminutive members of his own individual tribe, forsook their raiment and rushed into the ocean, which was full of cold water, saying to one another: "Ha!

ha! the humidity cannot touch us here!"

And behold! the waves put on their little white caps and communed one with another, saying: "The City-ites are in our midst; let us make merry with them!"

And straightway the little waves collaborated in a successful effort to land on the City Man's solar plexus, and what they did to him was a plentiful plentitude. And unto the wife of the City Man the little waves did likewise, until she was fain to scream sufficiency.

And the undertow grabbed the City Man's Wife's nearest kinswoman and stood her on her head, and rendered her unfit for speechification.

And the members of the life-sa-

ving station worked overtime hauling from the cavernous depths of the ocean the diminutive members of the City Man's own individual tribe; and trouble was their portion.

And when the Cityites were come back from the bosom of the mighty deep, the Mosquito and the Landlord presented their bills, and, yea! unto this very hour the City Man knoweth not which bill penetrated with the most terrifying penetrativeness.

And it came to pass that the City Man knew no peace in the Land of Pebbleonthebeach, and he communed with himself, saying: "Lo! the gentle-voiced advertisement is a delusion and a snare; for the wild waves are even as an automobile chauffeur for rudeness; the humidity followeth unceasingly, and the Mosquito stingeth

like an adder. Therefore will I gather the remnants of my tribe about me and flee for the City whence I came, lest, peradventure, the Landlord shall take my wearing apparel, even as he hath taken my purse and the contents thereof."

And straightway he got up and gat.

And even as he gat he communed with himself, saying: "Stang!"

Cheer up, Bunch; the wurst is yet to come, as the man said when the waiter didn't bring the sausage.

Yours as hitherto,

J. H.

CHAPTER VI

JOHN HENRY ON THE LAWMAKERS.

ALBANY. *Friday.*

DEAR BUNCH: I've been in this burg for a few hours mingling with the lawmakers, and it isn't such expensive mingling at that—only about fifty kopecks to the hour.

This afternoon I was introduced to a couple of hand-made politicians, and they certainly did hand me a scream.

These two language-killers have been political enemies for years, and every time they meet they simply stand around and throw worn-out words at each other.

One of them listens to the name of Mike, and the other will squeeze up to the bar and nominate his brew if you call him Rudolph.

As for their last names—well, in the interests of good government I won't mention them.

Suffice it to say that Mike bears the same relation to Albany politics that a mustard plaster does to a cold on the chest—even if he doesn't get there, he leaves his mark.

When Mike reached the age of discretion he decided to become a great man, so he opened a saloon and became.

I was standing in front of the Ten Eyck talking with Mike when Rudolph, his lifelong opponent, bore down upon us.

Just to show me a good time, Mike

immediately stopped Rudolph and asked him if business was good in his lemon-factory.

"Ha, ha!" roared Rudolph, like an old war-horse answering the bugle-call; "I challenge you to a joint debate!"

"All right," said Mike; "let us go to my joint and have it."

They did so, and I followed on.

Never before in Albany were there so many quick questions and loose answers.

Epigrams flowed like water.

"Two beers — what will you have?" inquired Mike.

"Make mine the same," answered Rudolph.

"You are my opponent, I believe?" said Mike.

"Your belief gives me much pleas-

ure," said Rudolph, with a tall, fat bow.

"How long have you been in politics?" asked Mike.

"Not so long in as to be out," answered Rudolph.

"Score one for Rudolph," said the referee.

"One what?" asked Mike.

"Make it a beer," answered Rudolph.

"Do you know Demosthenes?" asked Mike, winking at the bartender.

"Yes; his first name is Abe, and he works in a seegar-store near the N. Y. Central depot," said Rudolph.

Mike began to look worried.

"I wish to conduct this joint debate along literary lines," said Mike.

"All right," said Rudolph; "make mine the same!"

"Do you know Socrates?" asked Mike.

"Do you mean the guy that runs the butcher-shop over at Troy?" said Rudolph.

"No," said Mike; "the Socrates I mean is dead."

"Cut out the dead ones—they don't vote," said Rudolph.

"Score another for Rudolph," said the referee.

"Make mine the same," said Rudolph.

"What is politics?" inquired Mike.

"Politics is where we get it—sometimes in the neck and sometimes in the bank," answered Rudolph.

"You're full of wisdom, ain't you?" said Mike.

"Yes; but I'm willing to get it wet

—another beer, please!" said Rudolph.

"Time!" said the referee; "take your corners!"

"Now," said Mike; "you ask me some questions."

"What is a politician?" asked Rudolph.

"A politician is the reason we have so much politics," answered Mike.

Much applause left the hands of those present.

"What is a statesman?" inquired Rudolph.

"A statesman is a politician in a glass case," answered Mike.

"What is the difference between Liberty and Freedom?" inquired Rudolph.

"Freedom is where you come to this country and find steady employ-

ment and good wages; Liberty is where you vote my ticket or you lose your job!" answered Mike.

The applause which followed was so enthusiastic that the bartender couldn't supply the demand.

"Have you ever read the 'Declaration of Indianapolis'?" asked Rudolph.

"How can I, when they don't print it on the five-dollar bills?" answered Mike.

"Do you believe that all men are born equal?" said Rudolph.

"Sure I do," said Mike; "but some are lucky enough to get over it."

"The joint debate is finished!" exclaimed the referee.

"What is the result?" inquired Mike.

"About eight dollars in cash and sixteen rounds of beer on the house," said the bartender.

This shows you what to expect in Albany, Bunch, where the streets are full of wisdom and the hot air from the Legislature keeps the citizens warm and happy all the winter.

It is here, Bunch, that all the laws are made which govern New York City.

Realizing that fact, and, inspired by the local atmosphere, I have written a little booklet on that subject.

Go to it, Bunch, and think it over carefully:

"WHEN REUBEN COMES TO TOWN"

(Or, Don't Step Off The Car Backward.)

CHAPTER ONE.

"Bugosh!"

The speaker had a red fringe on his face from both ears downward to the chin, where it swayed gently to and fro in the breezes.

"What is it, Si?" inquired another voice, after its owner had indulged in a terrific encounter with a large fragment of Navy Plug.

"Guldern it, Seth; I was thinking abaout New York City, that's all!"

"Eeus!"

"Makes me devilish uneasy thinkin' abaout it; by Heck, it does, Seth!"

"Eeus!"

"Biggest guldern taown in this yer contynent, Seth!"

"Eeus!"

"More houses an' people an' street-cars an' sech than you could shake a good-sized stick at!"

"Eeus! but we don't have to go thar, do we, Si?"

"No, Seth; but havin' been elected to the Legislatur, I'll have to leave the farm of my childhood an' go to Albany an' make laws to guide and govern the citizens of that thar City of New York."

"Eeus!"

"'Tain't no easy job for an onexperienced man 'at ain't used to it to jump right in and make laws for a big city like New York, it ain't, by Heck, it ain't, Si!"

"Eeus! the runabout had a new coat of red paint last week, and the old gray mare'll be hitched up afore daylight day after to-morrow plenty

a time to catch the five o'clock accommydation. I reckon we'll kinder miss you araound here, Seth, 'specially when thar's kindlin' wood to split."

"But think how guldern noble it'll be to take and leave the imprints of my goloshes on the pages of history!"

"Eeus! but you'd better take them off'n the top of the stuv; the odor of burnin' rubber ain't music to the ear, Seth!"

"Well, by Heck, if it ain't so; an' this the on'y pair of real Artics between here and the Ten-Mile store!"

"Eeus!"

CHAPTER TWO.

"Bugosh!"

"What's the trouble, Seth?"

"I wisht I could think of some guldern fuss-class law for New York

City that'd git me talked abaout a hull lot. Ain't nothin' advances a man quicker'n to be talked abaout in them New York papers, by Heck!"

"Eeus! did you feed the pigs 'fore you come up from the barn, Seth?"

"Seems to me I did. Soon's we git to Albany I'm a-goin' right to the Governor, see if I can't get up some kind of a law for New York City—they need new ones there all the time, Si!"

"Eeus! but just as soon as I git to Albany, the fuss thing I do is to make a dive for one of them swell caffys an' jest abaout surround one of them oyster stews. Jumpin' beeswax! the memories that dear word recalls! Oyster stew! Here on the farm I have suffered without one since the last Legislatur, but deep in my soul

I have carried the picture of those two-fer-a-quarter stews with real oysters!—eeus!"

"Bugosh!"

Then for a space neither spoke, because their thoughts were far away, where the sign over the door says: "Wheat Cakes While You Wait and Surprising Coffee."

CHAPTER THREE.

"Bugosh!"

"Don't, Seth; I was a-dreamin' that the waiter was asking me if I'd have one of yesterday's clam-chowders, marked down to eight cents—my, my! what dreams may come!"

"I saw it in the Spoonburg *Chronicle* that New York City wants local option," said Seth, after a long pause.

"Eeus!"

"I s'pose that means suthin' differ-

ent from haow it sounds; them things always do."

"Eeus!"

"Well, whatever it means, New York City ain't goin' to git it while I'm in the Legislatur. What is your opinion about it, Si; do you reckon it's some new-fangled kind of a trolley-car?"

Si was silent, but from the manner in which the hair on his head came down to meet his eyebrows one would surmise that his brain was being sent along under forced draught.

Presently, however, Si "bugoshed," and the silence fell apart.

"If it means what I think it does," said Si bitterly, "then New York is more wicked than I tried to find it the time I went thar—eeus!"

SI LEANED OVER AND WHISPERED SOMETHING TO SETH.

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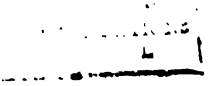

Si leaned over and whispered something to Seth.

Then they turned pale, and got up and left the room.

THE END.

There may be a moral concealed in this romance, Bunch; I'm not so sure about it myself.

If you're ever here in Albany, you might mingle with some of the law-builders and inquire.

But when you do inquire, be sure to pick out a law-builder at least two sizes smaller than you are.

Self-preservation is the first law of Albany.

Yours all the while,

J. H.

17551B

CHAPTER VII

JOHN HENRY ON RAPID TRANSIT.

TROY. *Saturday.*

DEAR BUNCH: Every time I hop into one of those roomy, comfortable street-cars in a city of the second, third, or even fourth class, I immediately contrast it with the wood boxes we use in New York, and I find myself growing red in the face and biting my nails.

Those Squeezer cars that prowl the streets of New York are surely the breathless limit, aren't they?

The Squeezer car is the best genteel imitation of a rough-house that has ever been invented.

They are called Squeezers because the conductor has to let the passengers out with a can-opener.

Brave and strong men climb into a street-car, and they are full of health and life and vigor, but a few blocks up the road they fall out backward and inquire feebly for a sanitarium.

To ride on a Broadway street-car, for instance, about eight o'clock of an evening brings out all that is in a man, including a lot of loud words he didn't know he had.

The last census shows us that the street-cars in the city of New York have more ways of producing nervous prostration and palpitation of the brain to the square inch than the combined population of Amsterdam, Rotterdam, Tinkersdam, and Gotterdammerung.

To get in some of the street-cars about six o'clock is a problem, and to get out again is an assassination.

One evening I rode from Forty-second Street to Fifty-ninth without once touching the floor with my feet.

Part of the time I used the outposts of a stout gentleman to come between me and the ground, and during the rest of the occasion I hung from a strap and swung out wild and free, like the Japanese flag on a windy day.

Some of the New York street-cars lead a double life, because they are used all winter to act the part of a refrigerator.

It is a cold day when we cannot find it colder in the street-cars.

A GERM RUBBING AGAINST MY ANKLE LIKE A KITTEN.

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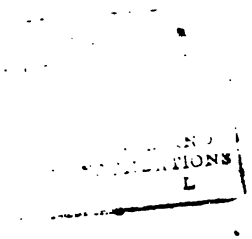

In Germany we find Germans in the cars, but in America we find germs.

That is because this country is young and impulsive.

The germs in the street-cars are extremely sociable, and will follow a stranger all the way home.

Often while riding in the New York street-cars I have felt a germ rubbing against my ankle like a kitten, but, being a gentleman, I did not reach down and kick it away because the law says we must not be disrespectful to the dumb brutes of the field.

Many of those street-cars are built on the same general plan as a can of condensed milk.

The only difference is that the

street-cars have a sour taste, like a lemon-squeezer.

When you get out you cannot get in, and when you get in you cannot get out, because you hate to disturb the strange gentleman that is using your knee to lean over.

Between the seats there is a space of two feet, but in that space you will always find four feet, and their owners, unless one of them happens to have a wooden leg.

Under ordinary circumstances four into two won't go, but the Squeezer cars defy the laws of gravitation.

A Squeezer conductor can put twenty-six into nine and still have four to carry.

The ladies of New York have started a rebellion against the Squeezer cars, but every time they

start it the conductor pulls the bell, and leaves the rebellious standing on the corner.

We are a very nervous and careless people in New York. To prove how careless we are, I will cite the fact that Manhattan Island is called after a cocktail.

This nervousness is our undoing because we are always in such a hurry to get somewhere that we would rather take the first car and get squeezed into breathlessness than wait for the next, which would likely squeeze us into insensibility.

Breathlessness can be cured, but insensibility is dangerous without an alarm-clock.

For a man with a small dining-room, the Squeezer car has its advantage, but when a stout man rides

in them, he finds himself supporting a lot of strangers he never met before.

One morning I jumped on one of those Squeezers feeling just like a two-year-old, full of health and happiness.

During the first seven blocks three men, fresh from a distillery, grew up in front of me and removed the scenery.

One of them had to get out in a hurry, so he kicked me on the shins to show how sorry he was to leave me.

One of the other two must have been in the distillery a long time, because pretty soon he neglected to use his memory, and sat down in my lap.

When I remonstrated with him he replied that this is a free country, and

if he wished to sit down I had no business to stop him.

Then his friend pulled us apart, and I resumed the use of my lap.

During the next twenty blocks I had one of the worst daylight nightmares I ever rode behind.

The party who had been studying the exhibits in the distillery became obsessed with the idea that my foot was the loud pedal on a piano, and he started to play the waltz from "The Merry Widow" until I had to yell Savagely to stop him. (There's a joke concealed in that last sentence.)

That man was such a hard drinker that he gave me the gout just from standing on my feet.

Then I jumped off and swore off and swore at and walked home.

If the man who invented the idea of standing up between the seats in a Squeezer is alive he should have a monument.

My idea would be to catch him alive and place the monument on him, and have the conductor come around every ten minutes for his fare.

Then the punishment would have a fit like the crime.

And the Elevated at evensong!

The crashing, crushing crowds; how they scramble in, squeeze in, and splash their way home!

The thought of it makes me feel quite Tennysonesque:

From Cortland Street he proudly strode at supper-time that day to take the Elevated Road which goes up Harlem way. He shook and shivered

like the deuce, and then he sadly sighed, because the path was long and loose which led to Morningside.

He kissed the down-town girl he rushed, and said: "I know you'll miss me! but don't start weeping if I'm crushed; just kiss me, sweetheart; kiss me! 'Tis miles to go, long miles to go to where I do reside, and boogie men are in the cars that run to Morningside!"

Her eyes were like two stars that shine and sparkle through the rain; she sobbed: "Good-by, sweetheart of mine!"—he kissed his love again. "And should I not return some day to claim my blushing bride, you'll find me on the right of way twixt here and Morningside!"

"Oh, Phyllis, I must pull up stakes

this awful trip to make—hark! do you hear the broken brakes refuse to make a brake? Good-by, my love; good-by, my dove! on this I do decide; when air-ships come in use I'll take you up to Morningside."

He found a car well loaded down with fifty souls or more to take the pathway through the town he'd taken oft before. The Guard unto his Voice gave vent: "Ooftgooftenooftenvide!" then closed the gates and off they went, bound out for Morningside.

They stopped at stations one by one and took on eighty-four, and then as soon as that was done they took on ninety more. The people heard the supper-bells, and all were horrified to think that they were not within the flat at Morningside.

Fat men sat down in ladies' laps they'd never met before; and sad and solemn-looking chaps exploded some and swore. Some used the air to stand upon, the floor was occupied by twenty-seven thousand feet bound out for Morningside.

"I want my hat!" a small man cried in accents full of heat; and when to reach for it he tried, somebody swiped his seat. Ten thousand souls hung onto straps and did the slide-the-slide; the human laundry which at night hangs out for Morningside.

Beneath the car the Third Rail snaps and barks and tries to bite while those who hang around on straps turn over then turn white. It sighs for those and cries for those who in the coaches ride, and makes

them wish they did not live far out at Morningside.

Where does the fat Director ride who owns the iron road? With human sardines does he hide while homeward he is towed? Not on your life! a squeeze like that would surely hurt his pride; he takes the benzine buggy when he goes to Morningside.

The cars will crowded be to-night; there'll be another crush; for hunger waits on appetite and all must homeward rush, and stand like men to pay the debt Monopolies provide on any road, on every road—including Morningside!

How about it!

P. S.—Just between you and me, Bunch, I'm strong for that little old New York thing, in spite of the

Squeezers. I'd rather walk on one foot in that town than have my smell-wagon with a lemoneen top in any other burg.

Yours as previously,

J. H.

THE END.

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"BEAT IT"
"SKIDDOO"
"GET NEXT"
"YOU CAN SEARCH ME"
"I'M FROM MISSOURI"
"I NEED THE MONEY"
"OUT FOR THE COIN"
"BACK TO THE WOODS"
"IT'S UP TO YOU!"
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JOHN HENRY, Hugh McHugh's first book, reached the 25,000 mark two weeks after it was published. It's popularity since then has been unprecedented.

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In this book—it is "little, but oh my!"—John Henry recounts some of his adventures about town, and he interlards his descriptive passages with impressive comments on the men, women, institutions, and places, brought within his observant notice. We need not say that his comments are highly-colored; nor that his descriptions are remarkable for expressiveness and colloquial piquancy. Mr. Henry is a sort of refined and sublimated type of "Chimmie Fadden," though there is by no means anything of the gamin about him. He doesn't speak in rich coster dialect such as is used by Mr. Townsend's famous character, nor is he a mem-

ber of the same social set as the popular hero of the New York slums. Mr. Henry moves on a higher plane, he uses good English—mostly in tart superlatives—and his associates are of a high social scale.

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"John Henry" is only one of the numerous young men who are treating the public to the latest slang through the medium of print nowadays, but he, unlike most of the others, is original in his phrases, has the strong support of the unexpected in his humor and causes many a good laugh. For one thing, he merely tries to make fun, wisely avoiding the dangers of tediousness

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"John Henry." A regular side-splitter, and as good as "Billy Baxter."—*New York Press.*

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"I'm from Missouri" fully kept up the reputation of the John Henry books. From the day it was published, for six months following, there was no let-up in the popular demand for it.

CONTENTS OF
"I'M FROM MISSOURI."

JOHN HENRY MAKES A CHOICE.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A STATEMENT.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A SPEECH.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A COMPACT.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A NOTE.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A HOLIDAY.
JOHN HENRY MAKES A MAYOR.

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"A quantity of choice and original slang is poured forth in a bewildering stream in this, the seventh, volume of 'John Henry,' whose author bids fair to rival she of the 'Elsie' books in his penchant for clinging to one character. The description of the hero's trials with the various cooks and the burlesque directions for running an automobile are mildly amusing. Here is a sample: 'I gave him his final instructions. Now, Uncle Peter, I said, grab that wheel in front of you firmly with both hands and put one foot on the accelerator. Now, put the other foot on the rheostat and let the left elbow gently rest on the deodizer. Keep the rubber tube connecting with the auto-

matic fog-whistle closely between the teeth, and let the right elbow be in touch with the quadruplex, while the apex of the left knee is pressed over the spark-coil and the right ankle works the condenser. Start the driving wheels, repeat slowly the name of your favorite coroner and leave the rest to fate!'"—*The Designer.*

"'I'm from Missouri' presents John Henry as campaign manager for 'Uncle Pete,' who is running for mayor against 'Uncle William,' backed by 'Bunch.' The reappearance of these well-known characters brings joy to the hearts of the laughter-loving public, and as a political satirist the author wins out once more. Most funny men lose their originality, but Hugh McHugh is ever ready with something new. He is slangy and thoroughly up-to-date, but never coarse."—*Bookseller, Newsdealer and Stationer.*

"Those who enjoy the John Henry books may count upon a most enjoyable evening when reading No. 7 of the series, just out. As a story this is the best of the seven, and in quaint conceptions and expressions it is fully as clever as any of its six predecessors."—*Four-Track News.*

"I NEED THE MONEY" was a big winner from the jump. The interest taken in the Series of "John Henry" books by the general public is really remarkable.

CONTENTS OF 'I NEED THE MONEY."

JOHN HENRY'S PAL.

JOHN HENRY'S PLAN.

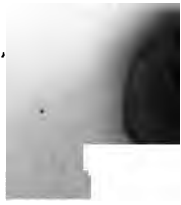
JOHN HENRY'S PICNIC.

JOHN HENRY'S PLUNGE.

JOHN HENRY'S PIPE.

JOHN HENRY'S PILGRIMS.

JOHN HENRY'S PIE.



What the Critics Say.

The author of "I Need the Money," the new "John Henry" book, who is George V. Hobart, a former Baltimore newspaper man, is, beyond doubt, one of the most popular of modern slang humorists; more so, probably, than Ade, and with his "Dinkelspiel" stuff almost as much as Dunne.—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

George V. Hobart, the New York journalist, is a versatile humorist. As "Dinkelspiel" he is an irresistibly funny German, full of philosophy but hopelessly tangled in his rhetoric. As the author "John Henry" and other humorous productions he has been an acute man of the street and of the rapid avenues of life with all the up-to-dateness of slang that is one of the chief concomitants of such worldly wisdom. Mr. Hobart therefore has strings enough to his bow to warrant the prediction that he will wear much longer than the average funny man has lasted under the strain of humor to order. The G. W. Dillingham Company has just issued a volume of "Eppy Grams by Dinkelspiel" that is full of laugh from cover to cover, and another "John Henry" book, entitled "I Need the Money," in which readers can find delight in Mr. Hobart's humor in the other vein. The pages of the "Dinkelspiel" book are brightened with borders of red, and the other book is illustrated.

—*Milwaukee Wisconsin.*

Down The Line With John Henry is the second of the "John Henry" books and quickly followed its predecessor along the highroad of success.

The story of "John Henry at the Races" in "Down The Line" has already grown to be a Classic in Slang. It is brimful of human nature and is amusing in the highest degree.

CONTENTS OF "DOWN THE LINE."

JOHN HENRY AT THE RACES.
JOHN HENRY AND THE DRUMMERS.
JOHN HENRY IN BOHEMIA.
JOHN HENRY AND THE HOTEL CLERK.
JOHN HENRY AND THE BENZINE BUGGY.
JOHN HENRY AT THE MUSICALE.
JOHN HENRY PLAYS GOLF.

"'Down the Line' is one good laugh from cover to cover, and some of the experiences of this clever man are both amusing and interesting. The book is illustrated with some clever sketches by McKee Barclay."—*St. Louis Star.*

"As in the former volume, the present collection of stories is concerned with adventures of a man about town. It abounds in the weirdest and newest slang, *recherché* expressions and tart Americanisms. There is much clever satire on the manners and habits of Americans. The 'down-to-date' man who is fond of slang will find in the volume a new supply for his vocabulary."—*Los Angeles Express.*

"In order to enjoy it you have got to tackle it like Wagner and chain yourself down for three or four sittings, and then you are *en rapport*, so to speak. Come again, Jonathan!"—*Denver Republican.*

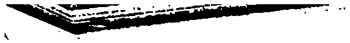
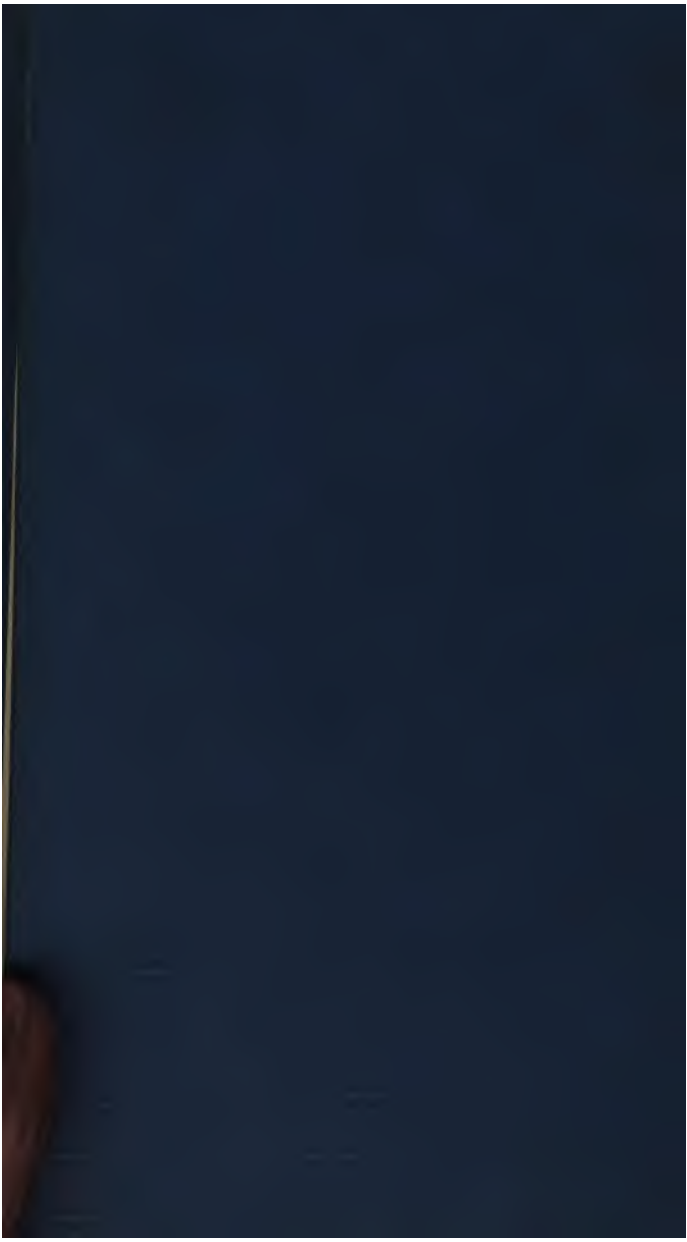
"It's Up to You!" is the third book in the John Henry series. This story of domestic bliss relates the adventures of John Henry during his courtship and marriage.

"It's Up to You!" has been pronounced by critics everywhere the funniest book of the year.

It is no exaggeration to say there is a laugh in every line for this fact is amply demonstrated by the enormous demand for the book.

CONTENTS OF "IT'S UP TO YOU!"

JOHN HENRY'S COURTSHIP.
JOHN HENRY'S WEDDING.
JOHN HENRY'S HONEYMOON TRIP.
JOHN HENRY'S SEASHORE VISIT.
JOHN HENRY HUNTS A FLAT.
JOHN HENRY ENTERTAINS FRIENDS
JOHN HENRY PLAYS PING PONG.

"'It's Up to You' stares out from the yellow cover. From a mere passing sight at the familiar cheese-cloth binding and the portrait of the faultless gentleman in the choker, one might easily think it was an old wandering copy of the original 'John Henry'; one hardly dares hope it is a new edition of that worthy's confidence. But it is. And John Henry stabs us with his sentiment. He commences: 'Seven of us were entered in the race for Clara J.'s affections.' Then he delightfully tells us how he won out from the 'other six society shines.' The chapter explaining his method of dragging papa's and mama's consent away from them is clogged with many smiles, and before the finish of the honeymoon trip, the 'holler' is certainly 'Up to You!' After a bit John Henry hunts a flat. The finding of the flat is the richest slice of the book. He does more—he lives in it—with the consent of the folks above and below; he entertains and concludes the third little volume of his spicy adventures with a game of ping-pong. Now, never mind—All men make mistakes.

"We have not heard near so much about John Henry as we have of ping-pong; we sincerely hope to learn more of the former.